

# The Onyx Informer

Representing Black Culture at Northeastern University

Since 1972

May 28, 1999

## Gridiron Star Off to the NFL



Andre Dixon | photo credit: Sports Information

### Black on Black

Final part in a three part series

By Jamila Hill  
Onyx Staff

Unity and diversity have become major themes in America in the past few years. The nation is becoming less bi-racial and more multi-racial.

President Clinton has introduced dialogues discussing race. And colleges and universities have sought better ways to bridge the racial divide.

While differences exist among the races, there are also differences within individual races.

Black Northeastern students feel that these difference strain relationships between black Americans and blacks from other countries.

"The relationship is rocky. There's a feeling of separatism," said Duane Irby, sophomore, business management major.

"For example, if I'm Haitian and he's Haitian, it's mad love. But if I'm Haitian and you're not, then it's different," he said.

Irby continued that this is only "natural" because it "depends on who you feel comfortable around." That comfort level can cut across country ties.

Cultural differences, however, are not the only things that create tension among blacks.

According to Dr. Frederick Lee Hord, director of Black Studies at Knox College and president of the National Association of Black Cultural Centers, ig-

norance about each other plays a major role in how we interact.

"They can often be strained because they are either uninformed relationships or relationships that are misinformed," said Dr. Hord.

"There are these partially correct historical memories about what one group has done to another African group," he said.

Among the types of information that is going around is that black Americans are lazy and that blacks from other countries do not understand racism. There are also more cosmetic stereotypes.

"I know a lot of African-Americans who think that blacks from elsewhere view themselves as better than them," said James Francois, middler, psychology major.

"When blacks come over here, they're usually warned about blacks from the US. Some blacks have called me poisoned because I've been 'Americanized,'" said Michele Ayudo Tun Ogunba, freshman psychology major.

"There's also this misconception that once you come to America, you become rich," she said.

These "uninformed" or "misinformed" relationships can be corrected.

"We need to look at what it means to be black from anywhere...the US, the Caribbean, Europe," said Dr. Hord.

"If you change the level of information, you can change the understanding," he said.

By Phil Kasiecki  
Onyx Staff

Andre Dixon was always a fan favorite at Northeastern football games. His cheering section was usually seated around midfield, and was signified by his fans yelling "Dre" instead of "Hey!" during part of Rock 'N Roll Part II when it was played. These days, the native of Philadelphia has a few more fans, though most of the new ones probably are nowhere near Boston.

The Green Bay Packers signed the cornerback as a free agent after he went undrafted during the NFL Draft last month. Dixon was a three-year starter in the defensive backfield for the Huskies, helping anchor the secondary from its days as a young unit two seasons ago. About a month ago, Dixon was present at the Packers' mini-camp, usually held shortly after the NFL Draft to bring in new players (draft picks and undrafted free agents) and get them acquainted with the veterans on the team. He described it as a productive time where he learned a lot, and where the new com-

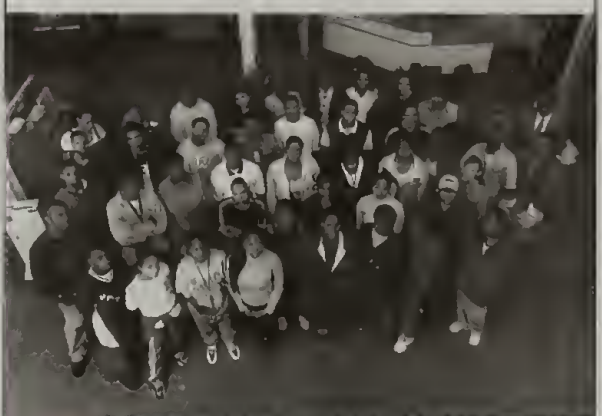
ers could get oriented with the veterans for the purpose of training camp in July. "It's so different from college in the atmosphere", Dixon said about his time at mini-camp. He described the relationships with the players and coaches as a primary reason it was different.

Dixon likes playing for the Packers and Ray Rhodes. The Packers have a great history and are once again among the NFL's elite teams. Dixon shares the view of many NFL followers that the Packers are a great organization, adding that "it's nice to be able to win a championship right away". Rhodes had coached the Philadelphia Eagles, whom Dixon is a die-hard fan of, the past four seasons before becoming the successor to Mike Holmgren. Dixon feels like he can relate to him and his defensive backs coach on many levels and on topics not necessarily related to football.

Dixon has had a great support system besides his friends who were present at his home games. His agent is former

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### Frosh Returning?



Freshmen Ujima Scholars Class of 1998-99 standing for group shot  
(photo credit: John D. O'Bryen African-American Institute)

By André Jean-Francois

There is a new sound on Huntington Avenue, and that sound is the face of the future. The class of 2003 has entered the college scene, and has been a major force on Northeastern's campus. Freshmen can be seen at cultural meetings (CSO, LASO, NBSA, etc.), at the gym, or even getting wild at parties. The new set of minority students share many things in common.

For many of the freshmen Northeastern was among their top choices because there are several programs that

target freshman minority students for admissions to NU. These programs include the Ujima Scholars Program and

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# Young, Gifted, and Black

## Bookstore on Wheels

By Tamika Cameron  
Onyx Staff

Ever been riding through Dudley Square on your way to that 9:15 and saw a miniature bookstore on wheels? *Black Books* is stationed where buses 19, 23, and 28 stop. The cart is an extension of a larger black-owned and operated business called *Black Library*. Kevin Fisher and Lloyd Heart are partners in the company that's idea originated from a friend's Northeastern University dorm room.

The *Black Library* is a community based book seller in Roxbury specializing in African-American literature ranging from kids to adult fiction and non-fiction. The cart is located in the center of a large African-American commuter population. The excellent location provides for convenience and exposure to their target market.

"The thing we should strive for is having something in the community," Fisher said.

You may have seen Fisher at the

Annual Step Show giving the Northeastern community an opportunity to look at his selection. In addition, they also donate books to the African-American Institute and to after-school programs.

However, community support varies. Just like any other business, there are the customers who refuse to buy a book from anywhere else and those who prefer to go somewhere else based on prices.

"Price are competitive but every month we're having some sort of sale," Fisher said.

They are not in a rush to open a store, especially with the history of independent book sellers going out of business. In the future they hope to have another cart located at Roxbury Crossing as a way to continue servicing the community.

Their web site is [www.blacklibrary.com](http://www.blacklibrary.com) that way you can still view the selection of literature and also make purchases on-line.



Kevin Fisher, co-owner of The Black Library, standing in front of his cart at Dudley Station. Photo credit: Deidre DeGraffenreid

### How Much Do You Know? - a Lesson in History

- A. This African couple bought out their indentured servitude in 1624. By the early 1650s they owned a 250-acre plot of land in Northampton County, Virginia with both black and white servants. Who were they?
- B. In 1501, the governor of Hispanol was forbidden from importing Africans except for Iberian christianized blacks. What was the name given to these black Africans?
- C. This grant was given about as

- early as 1517. It gave exclusive right to participation in the slave trade with the Spanish. What was the name of the grant?
- D. In the 18th century, this black man was a successful caterer and oyster house owner in Rhode Island. Who was he?
- E. In the 18th century in Maryland, this black man built the first striking clock wholly out of American made parts. It kept perfect time for 40 years.

- He was also among the people who surveyed the land that the nation's capital was to be built on. Who was he?
- F. During the American Revolution, this British commander proclaimed that slaves who left their rebellious masters and joined the British would be set free.
- G. He was a literate slave preacher in Virginia. He had a vision on how his people could gain their freedom. On August 22, 1831 his

- bloody rebellion began. By October 31, he was apprehended and on November 11, he was hung. Who was he?
- H. This runaway slave escaped to Philadelphia by being mailed in a box. Who was he?
- I. In 1848, this married couple escaped from slavery. The wife disguised herself and as an invalid white male planter traveling from Maryland to Ohio. Her husband pretended to be her slave. Who were they?
- Answers below

DIXON, from page 1

Northeastern and Packer star lineman Sean Jones, whom he credits for a lot of things since the Packers signed him. "He keeps me mentally focused, tells me how to carry myself, keeps me from being star-struck", Dixon said. Dixon notes the importance of much of this because he feels like he has to work harder to prove himself since Northeastern is a Division I-AA school in football and is not at the level of competition as schools such as those in the Big Ten or Southeastern Conference.

Dixon also gives much credit to his defensive coaches at Northeastern, Bruce Tall (since departed from NU) and Chris Magendantz. "They taught me a lot, and taught the defensive unit to work together and trust each other", he said of his coaches.

In high school, Dixon was an All-City wide receiver and converted to defensive back during his true freshman season, which he redshirted. Looking back, his redshirt year wasn't very hard for him as it is for many who want to play right away. "I took it as an opportunity to develop, seeing the size of these guys", he said, adding that it also aided his transition to defensive back by giving him more time to do so.

Dixon was at NU for some lean years and then for the good years at the end. His true freshman season, NU struggled to a 2-9 record, and slowly stepped up to 4-7 the following season. In 1996, Dixon became a starter on the 6-5 Huskies, NU's first winning season since 1987. He was fourth on the team in tackles (61) and second in interceptions (3).

In 1997, Dixon was a key player at

cornerback, being named second team All-Atlantic 10 in helping the Huskies post an 8-3 record and nearly make the Division I-AA playoffs. Looking back, he felt it was a great case of experienced players like Jim Murphy learning from the previous seasons' experience and bringing it all together. He also cited the importance of tailback and close friend David Edmundson to this team, noting that "without Dave we don't go 8-3 and almost 9-2, much like we don't without Jim Murphy".

This past season, the Huskies got off to a fast start, reaching the Top 25 at one point. But a late season slide saw the Huskies drop their final four games and finish 5-6. Asked about the season, Dixon said, "A lot has to do with our red zone offense. Teams know we struggle in the red zone. We play a wide-open style, and it gets tough when there's less room to operate." He also cited issues with the kicking game for the upcoming 1999 season, especially in light of the red zone difficulties. Dixon finished sixth on the team in tackles with 53 and was one of five to intercept two passes, including one he ran back 90 yards against Connecticut. He earned first team All-Atlantic 10 honors for his efforts.

The biology major is as yet undecided on his future after football. Very aware that football will not last forever and that his career may end at any time (especially after his college career ended early due to torn ligaments in his ankle), he plans to go to school in the off-season while playing. While he has a biology background, he does not rule out the business world, and plans to gain knowledge in the world of computers.

FROSH, from Page 1

the Latino Cultural Center. The Ujima program is a unique program, which helps minority students of African-American and Latino decent adjust to all aspects of college life. The John D. O'Bryant African-American Institute has been at NU for thirty-one years helping and supporting not only freshmen students but also upper-class students succeed in their college life.

Another on-campus site where help is offered to minority students is the Latino Cultural Center. The LCC is organized to help support the Latino students on campus. The Cultural Center offers students tutorial services, gives them an opportunity to learn about cultural events, and instruction them on how to complete their first year.

Several freshman students, many of whom refuse to have their names printed, had the same impressions of being part of the Ujima Program and the Latino Cultural Center.

"At first I regretted coming here, yet as the year developed and I saw how much support and help I received from the program it made me feel more comfortable about being here", said Heidi Torres, freshman Ujima Scholar, nursing major.

The consensus from most Ujima Scholars is that in the beginning of the year they were not sure that they would have liked the program. Yet as the year progressed they saw that the program was a stepping stone and a supporting hand in their college education. The program gives them a sense of belonging to a group. Dana Benton a freshman Ujima Scholar feels that the program

has something special.

"If I was not in the Ujima Program during my first year, I probably wouldn't have come to NU." The program gives you a sense of family, which is there to assist you in adjustment to college," she said.

Latino freshman students also felt the same sense of being part of a family. The reason for this is that the cultural center provides them with all the help they need. The center is not only designed for Latino students but is a place where all freshman students can come for academic help, addressing concerns, as well as a support system during their college years.

Jessica Sanchez, a freshman Bio major describes her experiences during her first year as one that is truly challenging. She feels that the reason for this is that there are many obstacles that face minority students today. "As a Latino student I feel that I have to work harder to succeed in school", says Sanchez.

As the year wraps, this freshman will look back on their first year as a stepping stone. For them, NU is the place to reach their goals. Several may not return, but NU will be a place in which they learned to handle many different obstacles. Many of the freshman students will be returning, a good sign for a school whose low retention rates has been a huge blemish on its record. These freshmen want to come back to NU, let's see if they will be able to.

Answers: a) Anthony and Mary Johnson (b) Ludovis (c) The Astoria (d) Emmanuel (e) Benjamin Banneker (f) Lord Dunmore (g) Nat Turner (h) Henry Brown (i) William and Ellen Craft



# Expressions

## Untitled Maxine Crawford

Females for many generations spent most of their time being sorry for standing up for themselves...  
But not me!!!!  
As a woman of the 90's, soon to be the queen of the new century, I'm going to start standing up for myself...  
Because I'm not sorry!!!  
I'm not sorry because I roll my eyes every time a guys says, "What's up girl?!" or "Hey you, yellow chick!!!"  
You see, I demand respect and if a man can't approach me like a gentleman should, he doesn't deserve my time or consideration.  
I'm not sorry because I won't allow myself to become a estupida pendeja that gets played by the same man all the time.  
You see, I would rather keep my virginity than have some simple man control me by my emotions.  
I'm not sorry because I know that what I want and won't settle for 2ndbest.  
You see, I rather get my education, which is #1 to me, instead of sitting at home waiting for LOVE to knock at my door!  
I'm not sorry because I won't allow myself to be sweet talked by every gold-tooth, perm having, job needin', man who still lives with his mother, yet old enough to be my father, who has 5 kids with 5 different women.  
You see, I DON'T need a man to validate me! And if he is all the world can offer, then I'd rather be alone!  
I'm not sorry because I won't laugh or turn red when I get ealled a chicken head or a bitch.  
You see, I won't stay quiet like a woman should or be told that speaking up is unattractive.  
I'm not sorry because I won't let you keep me oppressed, distressed, or in a dress.  
You see, I don't feel that a woman has to be in a dress to to be feminine and I don't care that my definition of femininity doesn't match yours!  
I'm not sorry because I won't wait to be rescued by a knight in shiningarmor.  
You see, instead of hiding or crying, I would rather fight to save my own life.You see, I'm just not sorry anymore!  
I won't allow you to refer to me as a 2nd class citizen!  
I won't down-play my intelligence to satisfy your male ego!  
I won't throw my life away so I could lay up in some man's arms!  
And...  
I DON'T CARE HOW SPRING FRESH YOUR CLOTHES ARE OR IF YOUR FOOD IS WARM!  
The days of women apologizing for being themselves are done!  
Get over it!!!

## Jason's Song Jamila Hill

*Two Haiku's For the Siete's I  
Knew (and Know, the ledge)*

Maurice Archer

### Real

What's really real is,  
when your words are limited  
but actions tell all.

### The Magic Number

If they only knew  
Hip-Hop takes seven spaces  
all 7's I'm repin'.

Talking feet  
CIPHERING  
Sounds  
Touch  
Toe, heel  
Hittin' hard  
Tryin'  
Reachin'  
For rhythms  
Beats  
Conversin'  
Speakin'  
Words  
Of the mind  
Of the soul  
In the feet

## This Batter Joe Banda

Initially, curiosity in my mind of the vision  
Of true beauty possessed by this here entity  
Had to roll my tints down so I could observe  
This spectaele of intellect and thighs got me  
I'm licking my lips, hungry as hell  
I look at those eyes; they look at me in brown  
I frown, but all she does is smile  
My clouds clear up, jade-stalk is flying now  
She speaks with confidence in her tone  
I can condone her nice white teeth I think  
Without deceit her voice resonates in my mind  
Spice all up in her, one can perceive it  
Besieged are those that she's not feelin' like that  
Off the bat, mesmerized to the 3<sup>rd</sup> power  
In circadian, she's in me every half-four  
Strategically seated so I can view movements  
Components are there, proportions straight  
Her demeanor is the bait, it's gonna get you  
In slow motion I see her swing from side to side  
I could watch them pants move all night  
But, that's not the point, I want every bite  
Head on proper, the way she carries herself  
I hear myself, what, trying to be a super-thug  
Drunk from this style, like a drug from this lust  
Not yet, don't make me bust, a couple more lines I got  
I'm high off this pine, time to make her feel it  
This picture is my optimum platinum eard  
A hard swipe for that purchase of trust  
Throw your others out, the gust blows you this way  
In the dark this bright resonance involuntarily says  
Come to me player, it's your turn to bat

## Redefining of a Black Woman Deidre DeGraffenreid & Kathy L.

Ain't I A Woman?  
Didn't my loins give birth  
To the Goddess Isis?  
Wasn't I always I always the one  
To save you in a crisis?  
Nurturing your children as  
I neglected my own.  
Was I to be considered  
Lower than dirt because of my skintone?  
Why was I always portrayed  
As unattractive or thickset?  
With my hair tied baek  
With a scarf or fishnet?

Ain't I A Woman?  
For many year a lot of  
People, have know me as  
The Mammy, Aunt Jemima  
On the cover of pancake boxes and  
As kitchen decorates.

Ain't I A Woman?  
During the early 1900's  
I have been seen as a  
Dark individual, who always  
Had a bright smile on  
My face for days?

Ain't I A Woman?  
Who has lost many important people in my  
Life, who have either been sold or killed.  
Can you or any of you  
Tell me that I, that I, that I am not a  
Woman!!!!!!

# Expressions

## Lost and Found

Khalid Hill

Thoughts of Neglect  
Plague the mind,  
The heart of a soul  
"forgotten" in time.  
A plethora begets wonder  
Questions of "Why?"  
Receiving no answers  
Confusion one finds.

Useless interrogations  
Yea of little faith  
The answer is right here  
In front of your face  
Yet rather than seek  
And give up thy feet  
Thou walketh in defeat  
Eternal in sleep.

Mine eyes have seen darkness  
A vulgar world – forced to weep  
Stories of cruelty  
Struggles of the meek  
Uncomprehensible  
Blood from white sheets  
A marathon of running  
But death often cheats

Recline thine eyes  
Offer unto me  
Pain and destruction

One needeth not see  
One act of faith  
A lifetime of ease  
Shall be given to thee  
If – I AM – thou must meet

The aloud I exclaim  
Your will I beseech  
And boldly confess  
"Christ died for me!"  
I once was lost, but not I'm  
found  
Was blind but now I see.

—1998

## The Description

K. Kerbanalli

Describe her.  
Black.  
No look closer  
Dark skin, short nappy fro'  
Is that all you really see?  
I guess. How would you describe  
her?

She has high cheekbones,  
Thick arched eyebrows  
Small, but defined nose  
Thick full lips always in a smile  
A complexion which some men,  
unlike you, would cherish as the cup  
of coffee on a winter morning.

Coffee strong, not weak slip  
Only enhanced by a slip of sugar.  
No, you only see what you think is  
the obvious.  
Black.  
Dark skin,  
Short nappy fro,  
African nose and lips.  
Is that all you really see?  
Can't you see that this black is full  
of beauty?

## Words Possess Power

Josef Sorett

Our words possess  
Power to bless,  
Or curse  
And what's worse,  
Kill dreams.  
For it seems that the language  
That you and I choose to use  
Can determine if another brother or  
sister  
Might win or lose.

For it is words that articulate knowl-  
edge  
Regardless of which college  
You or I did or did not attend  
To get the point across  
And to declare who's boss  
To spread truth  
And set free.

But you see  
Lies are also found within  
To the chagrin of us all  
For each of us has indeed taken the  
fall  
One time or another  
Because some brother made a false  
call  
Which we chose to heed  
And proceed without caution  
Yielding undeserved trust  
Feeling obligated by the words  
I must tell you that words do have  
power

I bear witness that they do break  
bones  
Playing the dozens  
And dropping Jones  
Talking about her cousin's phone  
never rings  
The thing I'm saying  
As I move towards an end  
Is that words can defend  
Or fend off a cough  
Or sneeze "God bless."  
They're the ground on which we stand  
The forum in which our existence  
lands  
Whether a demand  
A command  
Or simply an and which connects two  
phrases.

Words continue to leave me as-  
tounded  
And sometimes even in dazes  
I tell you  
Words do have power  
The ability to transcend  
Seconds  
Minutes  
And hours  
Eternity  
In the span of one word  
That's what you heard  
Word

And in the beginning was the Word  
And God said let there be  
And Jesus spoke  
And the storm was stilled.

## Black Brother with a Future

K. Kerbanalli

I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you my young, black  
brother with a future.  
I'm feelin' your joy  
When you enter the doors of the  
university  
I'm feelin' your pride:  
"Yeah I defied the odds, I'm here. "  
I'm feelin' you when you make it all  
the way to graduation,

Grimming from ear to ear with the  
diploma in your hand.  
Laughing and reminiscing  
About the good and the wrong,  
The chicks and the fellas,  
The parties and the books.

I'm feelin' you my young, black  
brother with a future.  
Affirmative Action hangs over your  
head like a noose.  
Some sneer and hate your very  
existence  
You get in the schools they apply and  
the jobs they desire,  
Because of the very element I lust  
after.

I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you my young, black  
brother with a future.  
I'm feelin' your thick, nappy fro'  
Which you wear proudly,  
Tallinn' about "power to the people"  
and "right on brother man."  
I'm feelin' your chest swellin' up with  
pride  
At the progress made in the liberation  
of folk.  
I'm feelin' you brother Malcom, Evers  
and King.  
I'm feelin' your dejectedness  
In having to pick which of us  
Could get some education  
While the rest of us work in the  
factories  
Supportin' families.  
I'm feelin'  
I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you young, black brother  
with a future.  
I'm feelin' your women's pain  
In watchin' you being shipped to fight  
their war, off in Nam  
Where some of you sow your oats and  
have slit eye children.  
I'm feelin' you  
When you realize that ole' Uncle Sam  
has left you in the cold.

I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' you  
I'm feelin' your slick, greasy conk  
I'm feelin' you fine brother in the zoot  
suit.  
I'm feelin' you Brother Langston  
Hughes and Cab Calloway.  
I'm feelin' the blues and the creative  
souls in the Harlem Renaissance.  
Your determination for self expres-  
sion in music, poetry and dance  
Brother Ellington and Basie, gave us  
inspiration.

I'm feelin' you young, black brother  
with a future.

## Untitled

Melisa Rivera

Destination: Nowhere  
What a wonderful day,  
don't you agree?  
look at the sun shining through your  
window,  
come on sleepy head...  
with weather so nice we shouldn't  
waste any time  
lets go out and play,  
you know, play the same game that we  
always play  
walking down the street headed no  
where, any where, somewhere  
making plans to go all over the world  
talking about the places we'll go and  
all the things that we'll see  
all of the plans we invent - just you  
and me  
but then we reach our final destina-  
tion, whatever that may be  
and we come to an awkward halt  
knowing that we are now stopped by  
time  
we must go back to our lives now  
all those plans now  
erased...memories lost in time  
just like the last time; just like every  
time  
just like the next time  
play time is up now  
have we run out of time again or this  
time has time caught up with us?  
back to reality, each of us now on our  
own time, two very different times  
until the next time...hmmm...  
the next time the things that keeps us  
coming together is that silent  
promise of next time, but never  
knowing when next  
time will be  
some time  
some other time  
another time to play  
and travel to distant places in our  
minds that we say we will go to the  
next time  
so when is next time?  
and when we get to next time why do  
we waste it taking about the next  
time?  
are we scared that we'll run out of  
time?  
no,  
we are scared of nothing,  
we defy time, and proceed to work on  
our own time  
stopping it when we are with each  
other  
time travelers is what we are  
together it is our time  
scared of nothing...except maybe of  
reality  
but regardless we continue to stop  
time , defy time, totally ignore and  
refuse to recognize time  
because once we acknowledge this  
social constraint that we know as  
time  
then we will be forced to realize that  
its no longer  
our time  
no longer will we be the stoppers of  
time but now the ones who are  
stopped by time  
but time will continue and until the  
end of time  
there will always be a next  
TIME



## The Onyx Informer

Since 1972

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### Editorial

#### Retention

Retention has always been a thorn in Northeastern's side. The school has no problem recruiting minorities but seems unable or unwilling to fix the problems that cause them to leave.

Have you ever left the office of the bursar, financial aid or registrars feeling like you've just been bent over and proverbially.....

This is Northeastern's problem with retention. NU does not offer minority students the financial help that is most always the cause of its retention problems. I'm sure we all could fill volumes on bursar blocks, cries to financial aid counselors or transferring in senior year (if your lucky enough to make it that far).

If academia was the cause for poor retention among all students, I would gladly side with the university in saying that it isn't their fault. BUT, too many of us have made the Dean's list time after time and still see no scholarship forthcoming. If good grades can't get you any money and if you have already prostituted all your future earnings to borrow exorbitant loan amounts, what else can you do?

Everyone can remember the number of people that looked like them that came in with their freshman class. How many of those people are still here? Can you even count them on one hand? This is a huge sign and should be a loud wake-up call to Northeastern. The minority students that are here, want to be here. Give us the chance to.

Disillusionment among minorities at Northeastern is rampant. NU to many students, is the unexpected STD you never thought you would catch and can't get rid of. Your are caught in the violent cycle of coming to school, owing the school money, being blocked by the bursar, can't pay the bill, can't transfer until you pay the bill, stay on permanent coop and not making enough money to pay your bill and live, and ultimately becoming a college drop-out.

This cycle is unnecessary. For a school that prides itself on diversity, this is a crying shame. Diversity cannot be achieved without at least the presence of minorities. A stable minority population cannot be sustained without retention. Retention cannot be achieved without adequate financial aid. This simple formula needs to reach Northeastern's ears.

Apathy is rampant among students on campus although we cannot afford it. Students need to make their problems and voices heard. We must join together an demand more aid, demand the right to be here!

If our presence is necessary to Color the landscape, pay us for the privilege. A black face in a college brochure or guidebook speaks volumes. If a picture is worth a thousand words, we are due our just rewards. We did absorb the capitalistic principles this university lives by.

Much love,  
The Editors

#### Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow

This is our final issue for the year. We would like to thank our staff for the hard work they've put in and the sacrifices they've made. It took a lot to get *The Onyx* back on campus, but we hope that we will continue to serve you for a long time. We look forward publishing more often next year, with an enhanced staff and special features.

We encourage you to join *The Onyx* and make your voice heard. We are the only ones who can tell our stories. Our presence *must* be felt on this campus. Our next issue will be our freshmen issue, making its debut in September 1999. Thank you for coming out and supporting us, and reading *The Onyx Informer*. Have a great summer!!

### Make Your Voice Heard

Send Letters to The Editors

The Onyx Informer

360 Huntington Ave

430 Curry Student Center

Boston, Ma 02115

Call 373-2250

Send Letters and Opinion Pieces

# Stop, Look, and Help

**FACT:** The Onyx Informer is the student newspaper representing the Black culture at Northeastern University

**FACT:** The Onyx needs active membership to continue as an entity at Northeastern

**FACT:** No one can tell our story better than we can

Whether your major is journalism, graphic design, business, or any other major offered at Northeastern, The Onyx Informer is calling you! We need people to help with editorial, design, business affairs, and many other things. If you can help, please contact The Onyx Informer. Remember, The Onyx Informer is your newspaper, your voice, so let it be heard loud and clear.

**CONTACT:** Jamila Hill or Kerrita McClaughlyn and leave us your name, number, email address, and area of interest.

The Onyx Informer  
430 Curry Student Center  
360 Huntington Ave  
Boston, MA 02115  
Phone: (617) 373-2250  
Fax: (617) 373-2694

#### Introducing:

#### The Onyx Informer Online

The staff of the Onyx Informer is pleased to announce the launch of our new Internet web site. The web address is [www.dac.neu.edu/onyx](http://www.dac.neu.edu/onyx).

The site will officially open the last week of May 1999.

Visitors to the web site will discover a sampling of articles from the most recent issues (including this one). An archive of past issues will also be established.

Eventually, those readers who wish to subscribe will be able to do so using the online subscription form.

The web site contains detailed information about the publication, including its editorial focus, the paper's circulation, an editorial calendar of special features and events, advertising rates, and key personnel.

Visitors to the site will be able to send comments and questions to the editors and staff.

In the future, links to other student organizations will be established, as well as to other media groups and similar minority-owned publications.

Please check out the following web sites:

- < NBSA - [www.dac.neu.edu/nbsa](http://www.dac.neu.edu/nbsa)
- < CSO - [www.dac.neu.edu/cso](http://www.dac.neu.edu/cso)
- < BESS - [www.coe.neu.edu/Groups/BESS](http://www.coe.neu.edu/Groups/BESS)
- < LASO - [www.dac.neu.edu/laso](http://www.dac.neu.edu/laso)
- < HSU - [www.dac.neu.edu/hsu](http://www.dac.neu.edu/hsu)

Visit us at:

[www.dac.neu.edu/onyx](http://www.dac.neu.edu/onyx)

# It Was Written

## Jubilee

Kerrita McClaghlynn

The crowd gathered in the street,  
little faces eating candy and laughing -  
glad to be up with grown folks,  
a rare summer treat!  
The women huddle in masses,  
gossiping and sharing secrets-  
"Honey! grab me a beer!"  
a voice bellows from the crowd of  
potbellied men  
standing proudly.  
I look on in envy...I want to join the  
Jubilee.  
I gradually make my way over to join  
the festivities.  
I had expected to see the Fair -  
pony rides, clowns and candy.  
Instead,  
Old nigga Jim,  
that no good nigga according to  
Sheriff Lee,  
was swinging,  
swinging, swinging,  
from the old country tree.  
THIS! was the cause for Jubilee.  
It's that old nigga Jim  
and he's swinging!  
It's the gun upside the head of my  
lover, father, brother!  
It's the red stains on America's  
dieways  
It's-the-red-stains-on-America's  
DIEWAYS!!  
It's that nigga Jim swinging,  
The Jubilee is just beginning!

## Why Do They Condemn It

Ebony LaFrazier

Just the idea of being motivated to gleeful, rhythmic dance  
by the beats.  
Then words and deep and meaningful lyrics penetrate my  
soul as it speaks my mind,  
my deepest thoughts and most frequent anger.  
Speaks the pain of my people with logic, reason and undeniable truth.  
Truly the embodiment of art, the most meaningful poetry that  
I know.  
Why I love this music?  
Why is it better the louder I play it?  
The pounding and the noise to beat out or block out the  
overwhelming noise in my head.  
The relief, the rush as it pours out the speakers and it seeps  
and speaks the injustice,  
The outrage and the bitterness from my mind and my soul.  
Finally the reciprocity, the quality, the wisdom and the  
understanding.  
For me it's that confirmation that I always need and look for.  
There is someone else who sees with clear sight.  
Who acknowledges the evils without stutter and hesitation?

It is this music that frees my people, mentally, physically,  
spiritually, and financially.  
That which can provide a way out.

Why condemn what can make ghetto prisoners rise?  
Why quiet truth when spoken, and why not learn from life  
experience shared?  
If you don't want to hear it, do you think we want to live it?  
How come we are ignored when we wanna talk to the mayor,  
or to the governor?

Why do they see the beauty and the struggle in a rose that  
grows and perseveres and flourishes amongst rubbish, rocks  
and dirt; yet no beauty or positivity can be found in our stars  
that rise to success out of utter despair?

To recognize the beauty I see and speak of would only be to  
our benefit, which in turn would be to the detriment of their  
plans for our demise.

Why do they condemn it?

Why do they want to kill it and put an end to it's goodness,  
like Malcolm, Martin, Huey, Bobby, Stokely and the others?

They ignore it, as they do our human, civil, and inalienable  
rights.

But do we ever receive credit where credit is due?  
And do we ever receive recognition when appropriate?  
The truth, the power and the motivation of words, the  
intelligence, is what attracts me, and why I love it.  
For these same reasons, they fear it, therefore condemn it.

## Sometimes We

Sometimes we held hands on trains beneath the New  
York streets cautiously stealing glances at  
each other, exhausted from the pulse of Congo-Angolan  
Yuka laced in salsa

Sometimes we walk Bloque De Oro taking in the sounds  
of Tiano A-Fri-Ca-no Abuelas explaining why Hairo  
could not have another water ice. Grit, Grime of Eco-  
nomic Oppression of  
North Phi-La-Delphia has turned the wrinkles on her  
caramel skin into valleys.

Sometimes we pour libations at Murals immortalizing  
fallen Chicanos attempting to reclaim Cali-For-Nia  
one barrio at a time with the force, strength, and  
Fearless power of Aztec deities.

Sometimes we confuse each other with our spanglish  
and ebonics developed out of oppression in Cibao  
sugar plantations and Cotton fields of Tennessee  
speaking about love, nature, and community through  
Marimbas and Tambourines, using the colorful fruits  
of republica Do-mini-ca-na and the warmth of  
southern pan fried corn bred to comfort us during New  
England Winters.

Sometimes we forget we're Black and Latino

Sometimes we fall asleep on each other with  
syncopated Mambo House heart beats. Riding the  
four am Ele through Cabrini Green to the South Side  
of Chicago seeing the souls of ghost who left the  
south because they were not gonna share crop No Mo

Sometimes we eat Kenayapas and Tamaridos from  
Bodagas  
next to Jimmy's Fried Catfish store in  
Adams Morgan that didn't take food stamps, being  
coughed by a woman who has great great grand babies  
on how to pick greens for Vegetarian stew.  
Listening how she picked cotton before the moisture  
even left the dew.

Sometimes we silently admire Fedal, for standing up  
to imperialism, bringing the wrath of Ogun on exiles  
in Miami that work Haitian refugees on there sugar  
plantations until there weak and frail. Wondering  
if he brought his shrine to obatala when he slept at the  
Theresa Hotel.

Sometimes we remember that Hip-Hop culture is the  
physical manifestation of the political frustration  
of African and Boricua youth. Even though we rarely  
hear lyrics that speak to this truth.

Sometimes we forget we be Black and Latino

Sometimes we be forgetting.

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## Nappy head

K. Kerbanalli

Nappy head!  
Raisin head!  
Doo-doo head!  
Buck shot head!  
Brillo head!

"Tu tiences pclo malo," my father  
said.  
"You have good hair, not coarse,"  
said my Cubana friend.  
"You better put some texturizer,"

said mi abuela.

"You are so lucky to have such  
pretty curls," said a lady in the  
subway.

"I don't know what side of the  
family you got that hair from,"  
said my mother.

"Must be your mother side,"  
said my father with his curly  
clumped head.

"I like a girl with long, straight  
hair," said my crush.

"I like a girl with natural kinky  
hair," said my dreaded admirer.

My shiny, pin-straight haired  
Chinese professor said,

"I don't why people straighten their  
hair, it's so unnecessary."  
A black male friend of mine said, "  
"Why don't you straighten your hair,  
you would look so much better."  
My friend's dreaded boyfriend said,  
"Kami I love your bushy, curly hair."  
(Of course my friend has light  
brown pin straight hair.)

Go figure.





# Black Fiction

## Testimony of Mercedes Curbanalli

By Kami-Leigh Agard  
Onyx Staff

"I received a letter in the mail. It was delivered to my office in New York. For over two months, I never attempted to sort through my mail because between all the meetings and this big ad pitch with Pepsi, who had time to sort through something as trivial as mail? The office assistant, Shirley, (who happened to be my best friend) joked that I probably was being reported to creditors because it was so long since I opened any of my mail. So she valiantly volunteered to the task. However, she walked in my office with this small white envelope in her hand with a startled expression on her face. I looked at her curiously, yet impatiently because I was wondered what was this silent drama all about. She handed me the envelope. I noted that her ordinarily strong coffee brown complexion appeared pale, as her hands quivered ever so gently when she handed me the envelope. She mouthed, 'I'm so sorry,' and quickly, like a frightened mouse, retreated quickly, firmly pulling the door behind her.

I looked down at the envelope placed in my hand. The whiteness of

it gleamed ghost-like, especially in the dimmed light of my office. This harmless looking envelope combined with Shirley's odd behavior made me shiver, despite the warm heat blowing from the centralized heating system. I remembered looking at the digital thermostat. It blinked 75 degrees. The return address on the envelope read

"Desmond Archie  
15 Massachusetts Road,  
Atlanta, GA 10566"

Hmmm, Desmond. I could smell his cologne, even now. Envision his well sculpted caramel-coated body. His thick, long locks that I loved tangling my fingers in. Those thick, juicy lips that just provoked sensations up and down my pelvis, urging me to... Oops, wait. Let me stop this fantasizing. Back to the office. Yeah, so I held the envelope in my hand, recalling that week in Jamaica about six months ago. Three of my friends and I went to Negril, Jamaica for our last spring break of senior year. We were about to graduate in 90 days and we thought that we'd better go somewhere together before we graduated and moved on with our lives. Desmond was there coincidentally with three of his friends from Morehouse College. They were actually juniors. Naturally we all hooked up

and spent a blissful seven days. I was still a virgin at 22. However, one look at Desmond and I fell in love, and I guess... Just? Well, the last night, I spent in Jamaica, well you know what happened... Heh, I thought we were soul mates. After we left Jamaica, Desmond and I continued correspondence through the phone and e-mail. However, then I graduated and got this sensational job at one of the most prestigious advertising agencies in New York City. I got so involved with work, that I did not have the time to keep correspondence with Desmond. The last time I spoke with him, I promised that I would come visit him in Atlanta for Christmas. You know, next month. Well anyway, back to the letter. I opened the envelope and took out a letter. It seemed really short, so I quickly scanned through it. My head felt like it was exploding in a thousand pieces. My heart beat so fast that I thought it was going to burst. It read:

"Dear Mercedes, It's been a long time since we've spoken. I know you have been busy with work. I tried to call you a lot of times, but you were never home. You never even answered my e-mails. Well, this seems to be the only way that I can get this information to you. Well, I just found out that I'm

HIV+. It's been about a month and a half since I found out. I'm telling you this because I'm really sorry. Back in Jamaica, when we made love that first night, I didn't use a condom. It just seemed so right at the time. Well, if you remember I did withdraw. So I'm hoping that maybe well, you'll be ok..."

Doctor Fern, I could not read anymore. I was stunned. Shirley knew! I got up and tried to throw the letter far away, but it only floated in the air and almost tauntingly landed on my desk face up. I...

In my profession you hear stories like this one all the time. For some reason, this one struck a deep chord within the depths of my heart. The young woman in front of me had really blossomed into a beautiful young woman. I was her Biology professor in her freshman year when she was a gangly teenager.

Not knowing where to turn, she flew to Boston, the next day and came to my office immediately. She broke the news. She felt that I would be able to give her good counsel. I told her that there was a very good chance that she acquired the disease as a result of a single act of unprotected intercourse.

### Running Unlimited

Iyeoka Ivie Okoawo

All that I see from this resilient distance  
Are embedded in emotions running unlimited  
Into sunsets  
Through streams of tons of  
I want to love you  
But you won't  
Must stop me  
Turn from me  
Can't let me in.....  
So I fall  
And dream of the other women that I can't be  
Because they're not me.  
Never could be

Anything but this  
Yet I miss stealing you on Sun days  
Into the worlds we used to make together  
Made of love  
Running unlimited into sunsets  
Through streams of tons of  
I wants to love you

My belly sings songs of empty lullaby illusions  
Finding me time to help you justify  
Your attempts to solidify the maybes  
And should be

Or could be a possibility....  
But I just wants to love you...

And/Or touch you  
Like the wind kisses the wing of a butterfly  
That braves through rose petals and thorn bushes

While my consciousness lingers on concepts of  
Making this sunrise last forever  
Or however long eternity can be maintained  
Without being missed  
By the lovers that dreamt up ways to contain it  
I love the simplicity of just wanting to love you  
In rhythm  
To the sound of a saxophone  
Or to the voice of James Ingram  
Running unlimited distance to hold you  
I just wants to love you  
But you won't  
Must stop me  
Turn from me  
Can't let me in...  
So I fall  
And I dream  
Again.

### Thief In The Night

Eric Esteves

Color Me Bad because I am not a bad  
Color me Black like my complexion  
because I am the reflection of those  
who fought before my time  
And their spirits are embedded in this  
reflective rhyme sequel  
I adore, mi amor, no more than the  
love I have for my people  
Take a gander through these peep-  
holes, though  
And you will observe poor souls  
worshipping bullet holes  
and whatever the fuck else Jay-Z  
adores as his clothes

I chose to write scores of militant  
prose,  
of course they're much stronger than  
any old whore's pores  
But, do you really want me to get you  
that open?  
I shout one word, Activism  
Someone started choking  
The mf's in the corner who just came  
to drink  
and get blunted should know this,  
I ain't fucking joking

And even some nonchalant Nubians  
up front wanna talk shit  
and proceed smoking  
My asthmatic lungs can't take it  
But I rock on  
Taking a dramatic plunge in a pool of  
blood, sweat, tears, and regrets  
With a banjo on my knee,  
a bandage on my wrists,  
and a black bandana wrapped 'round  
my dome  
like brother Shakur, i will not be a  
gnome  
nor a pawn to be played or lured  
Do not be insecure, for you will hear  
my voice  
Taster's choice no longer fulfills  
your needs  
because i am the nicotine high  
without the cream  
unless your dreams are cloudy  
and diluted with inferior notions  
that you cannot do it  
and that your mind is not superior  
or even as much comparable to  
normal folk  
An abominable denunciation, indeed  
This dominating doctrination is  
simply stating that we must  
look to the denominations who were  
persecuted and gave birth

to the creation of this thought.  
Why is it that so many of us previ-  
ously fought?

They been there and done that  
so is this a flashback?  
For what is now so ignored, unno-  
ticed, uncherished - formerly  
nonperishable  
Do you see what I'm getting at?  
It's well-near unbearable to witness  
this state of affairs.

I came here to this planet a thief in  
the night  
He who only whispers lullabies in  
the ears of those cuckoo  
Utmost respect bestowed upon the  
Zulu Nation  
And I ain't Haitian, Bajan, Jamaican,  
or Trini  
But if you don't know what this  
soul-fired-cajun-spiced Negro  
spirituality is that I got in me  
You better recognize!  
Gaze at the light in the rear of your  
eye  
Because I have to stand up and  
affirm my right  
because I am that thief in the night  
Am I here in greed to feed my need,

my addiction  
Or is my life purely nonfiction and I  
have to scrounge to provide  
for my seed  
a harrowing decision to be made  
and now that i'm narrowing the limits  
to which my name is played out  
i now claim clout for those unable to  
even claim residence  
resistance is my fourth middle name  
So i also claim no names  
not now, not here, no way, and no how

But if I do arouse a sensation in your  
vein  
similar to what cocaine does to your  
brain  
before you fricassee it - sunny-side  
up  
why don't you stand up  
and claim no fame with me  
as we chill on picturesque stoops on  
the sunny-side of the street  
and i may sleep at ease knowing that  
I am no longer the only thief in the  
night  
creeping upright  
with gorillas on my back  
and dilated pupils  
full-focused on the awaiting eve  
for i will breathe once again...



# Hip-Hop Track By Track



## Album Review

By Maurice Archer  
Onyx Staff

The Track by Track is back to end off the semester. We gonna end this spring semester off right with some real hip-hop, 'cause that's all I can bring y'all. This month's pick for review was "Soundbombing II" from Rawkus Records. This compilation is da underground's finest emcees. I gave it a full \$14.99 rating, so check it out. Also, watch for Mobb Deep's "Murda Muzik" coming in June. I heard some of it already and all I can say is Queens is gonna stay repin'. Just remember that.

**Track 1-**The Intro is Babu and J-rocc of the world famous (DJ combination) Beat Junkies cuttin' up a ill beat to start the album off. The real cats will remember this beat from Redman's "How to Roll a Blunt". Crazy cats are calling Babu and J-rocc (the beat junkies) to shout out underground hip-hop, Rawkus Records, and this new Soundbombing effort. These cats are holdin down the underground right now.

**Track 2-**The beat junkies are the DJ's for this whole album, so from now on, I will mention them by their team name. They cut up an intro to the new Eminem

joint called "Any man". The beat junkies are dumb nice.

**Track 3-**The Beatminerz (Mr. Walt) laced Eminem with a hot a\$\$ beat. He does his thing lyrically too. I was definitely impressed because of I.Mr. Walt lacing the beat and 2. Eminem has a new voice hip-hop hasn't heard yet. His last line is "some 'um, some 'um, some 'um, some 'um, I get weeded, my daughter scribbled all over that rhyme I couldn't read it. I like that. I can't front.

**Track 4-**"B-Boy Document 99" sounds like one of those "let's go back to the 80's" tracks. The beat is hot, Mos Def and Mad Skillz rep on the whole track. Mad Skillz even disses Beanie Siegal on some down low sh\*t. We'll see if anyone else notices that. These cats called "High and Mighty" do their thing lyrically too. They even had their DJ Mighty Mi hook the beat up. That bell sound is killin' em.

**Track 5-**Another intro to a track called "WWIII" by Pharoahe Monche and Shabaam Sahdeeq. The beat junkies are dumb nice, once again.

**Track 6-**The two ill emcees that I just mentioned kill the beat laid by this cat named Lee Stone. "WWIII" has a hard, battling, at war type of beat. It sounds like "bimp bi-nimp buuuuummm,

dididint". This is definitely a dope track you should give a good listen to.

**Track 7-**Another down low cat is Ra the Rugged Man. He brings a new style of rhyming to hip-hop. He's from Long Island (Suffolk County to be exact), but he's down with the Wu and the whole Rawkus family, so we forgive for being from LI (no disrespect De La, EPMD, Prodigy of Mobb Deep). Another phat track to add to a so far perfect album.

**Track 8-**A short intermission with Prince Paul and J-Live. They just big up to Rawkus and the soundbombing project. J-Live is another lyrically nice cat to watch out for. Like he says "MC No-doz, don't sleep".

**Track 9-**Kid Capri joins in as he must do on every underground album. Him and the beat junkies introduce the new joint by Medina Green and Mos Def called...

**Track 10-**"Crosstown Beef" introduces a Mos Def prodigy named Medina Green. He's nice too but it seems like he's one of Mos Def's fam or boy from back in the day. Don't get me wrong, the track produced by Pos from De La Soul blesses them with a calm beat to rhyme to. The fact that they sound alike is phat. I just wanted to mention that there's no originality in Medina Green's flow. However, the difference in their voices and the phone call/talking in the crib concept made the song phat. It sounds like big brother and little brother.

**Track 11-**Marley Marl and Pete Rock (Future Flavaz for my NY ni\$\$az) help the beat junkies introduce "7XL" by Sir Menelik, Grand Puba, and Sadat X. Babu and J-rocc cut the beat up on some next shit.

**Track 12-**Grand Puba starts off "7XL" with a rhyme that let's everyone know that he's still got it. Sir Menelik is another underground cat to look out for. His DJ, Spinn creates a new futuristic, car thumpin beat, just like the beats Sir Menelik usually be on. Sadat X is one of those, either you like his style or you don't, type of cats. I like his sh\*t though as he completes the trilogy.

**Track 13-**"Chaos" is the best track on here. Kweli and DJ HiTek (Reflection Eternal) summoned Bahamadia from under the underground. HiTek not only kills the beat, but he puts it in the ground six feet deep. This is the perfect beat for Kweli and Bahamadia (or anyone) to rhyme over. They both drop science for us to listen to. My favorite track on the album. (HiTek is nice on the beats)

**Track 14-**The Dilated Peoples get together with Tash from the Alkaholiks for the title track. Babu (beat junkies) is the DJ for the Dilated Peoples and that's probably why this is the title track. Phat rhymes over phat beats and a DJ scratching. What else can you ask for.

**Track 15-**"Brooklyn Hard Rock" is the next track. Some cat named Thirstin Howl III rhymes and does production for about two minutes. It's a'ight when you get used to his style. The beat is dope though and that's all I need.

**Track 16-**Another track with Pharoahe Monche. I like that they gave him a lot of burn on this album. He's starting a solo career now (just split up with Prince

Po from their group "Organized Konfusion"), so it's good that he's giving his fans tracks to hear before his first solo effort drops. "Mayor" is Pharoah duckin Po-Po because he snuck in and shot NY city's mayor. The story is ill. Another non-disappointment.

**Track 17-**The beat junkies scratch in another intro. This time it's to a new Company Flow joint.

**Track 18-**"Patriotism" is the newest joint by Company Flow (El-P, Bigg Jus, and DJ Mr. Len). the beat is slow and catchy. Everything is typical Company Flow sh\*t. That's why this joint is dope. They are underground to the fullest. (NY)

**Track 19-**Q-tip from "A Tribe Called Quest" joins the beat junkies to introduce the 1999 underground anthem "1-9-9-9". These two DJ's must have been practicing for a very long time. They make cuttin' seem so easy.

**Track 20-**"1-9-9-9" is, like I said before, the underground song of the year. Common and Sadat X bless HiTek's instrumental. Y'all should've heard this one by now. Just look for the video with Common looking like a Black Panther.

**Track 21-**Diggin in the Crates crew took a loss recently (Big-L Rest in Peacc). Diamond D holds it down anyway with a phat, yet repetitive sounding beat. Another phat track to add to the list.

**Track 22-**Mos Def freestyles over a beat junkies beat. Then the beat junkies cut in another intro for Mos Def's "Next Universe".

**Track 23-**Universal Magnetic pt. II, "Next Universe" is Mos Def all by himself on a HiTek beat. Mad bells and bass lines are what HiTek mastered to make this ear treat beat. Mos Def is just being himself on this track. Nothing new in his flow but, for me, it's style that counts with the Mighty Mos Def.

**Track 24-**Another beat junkies scratch into the intro to the Shabaam Sahdeeq and Cocoa B's joint.

**Track 25-**The bootcamp, Rawkus connection is just lovely to my ears. Brooklyn is definitely representin on track 25. Shabaam Sahdeeq sets it off, but when I heard Tek and Steele (Cocoa Brovaz), I almost fell out my chair. It felt so good to hear Smif+Wessun on a ill beat. Everybody makes this track a 360° completion of perfection. (Tek, Steele, Shabaam Sahdeeq, Nick Wiz-production, and cuts by some cat named Massey who loves Mobb Deep and Big-L. Another one of my favorite joints.

**Track 26-**DJ HiTek and Talib Kweli get the last track. Titled "On Mission" because that is what Kweli feels when on the mic. The song is a'ight but, I don't like Kweli just by himself. They could have put a better track on the album.

**Track 27-**Babu and J-rocc take us out with a little shout out to Rawkus and the cats that helped them make this album happen. Here ends the underground soundtrack of 1999. The junkies bring the beat back on some playing around, freestyle business. They are a bunch of clowns.

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